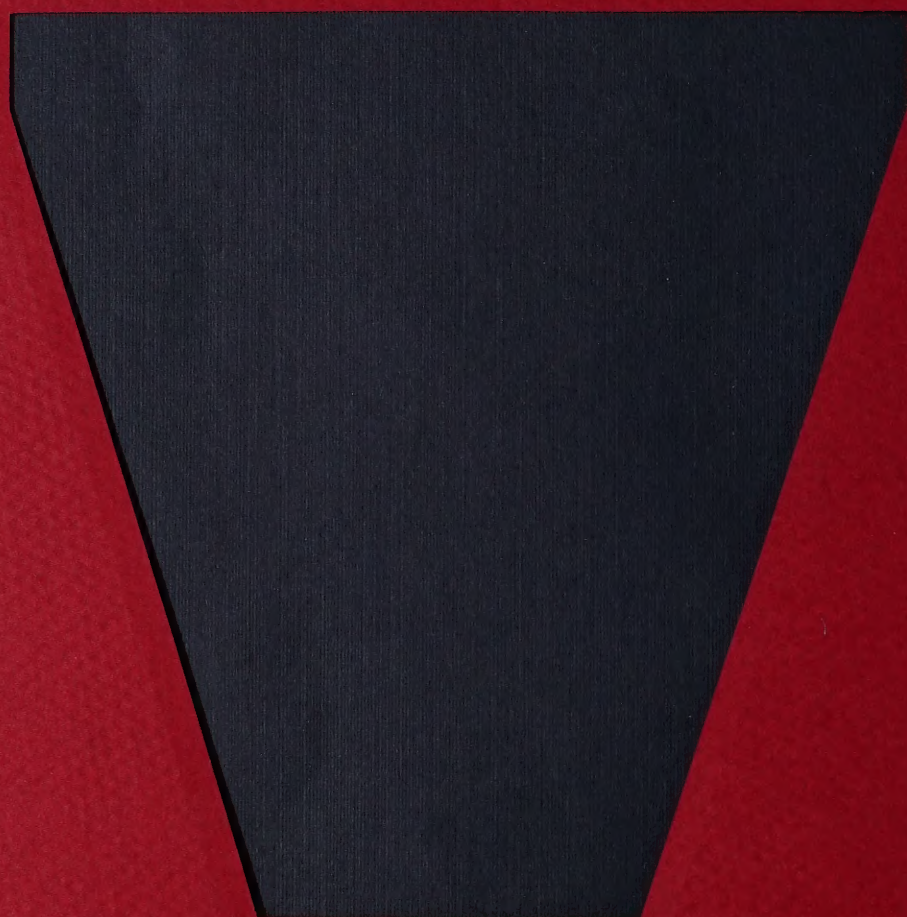


# KEYSTONE



1992







# KEYSTONE



*"If we are always arriving and departing, it is also true that we are eternally anchored. One's destination is never a place, but rather a new way of looking at things."*  
Henry Miller

Cover collage, preceding page, by Leslie Bivens, concept by Lisa Kerley. Clockwise, from upper left: the Charlotte Apparel Center; Church of the Holy Comforter; One First Union Tower; Wilkerson Associates; First Christian Church; The Sterling; Rayburn, Moon, & Smith P.A.; 200 Queens Road. Center: Grace AME Zion Church.



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## Dedication

This issue of *Keystone* is dedicated to Dr. Ruth Shaw, President of CPCC from 1986 to 1992, in appreciation of her support of the proper role of Student Publications at CPCC and for her steadfast belief in freedom of the press.

# poetry

## FIRST PLACE

D i a n a P i n c k n e y

### TWO BOYS IN KNICKERS (For my uncles and Charlie Cate)

and wide white collars,  
put on an early morning train for Virginia  
peered through windows at their friend  
standing in the smoky light.

"I waved to Charlie Cate  
at the station," the younger brother  
wrote his mother on a postal card.  
She had waited days for mail,

only to read of their friend  
who came to see them off.  
They neglected to write  
that as the Carolina Creeper chugged out,

breakfast an hour earlier didn't stop  
the first hand from crawling  
into a box lunch between them  
on the coach's blue velvet seat,

lunch devoured before the conductor  
collected tickets for the day long trip.  
Summer vacations began this way.  
Winters were spent in Columbia.

One year they played hooky  
from Sunday School, taught themselves to drive  
cranking long-nosed Packards, runabout Olds  
parked in front of Trinity Church while owners

of the city's first automobiles worshiped inside.  
Unchanging liturgies were timed  
and cars returned to the spaces  
from which they were borrowed.

Once a car ran out of gas  
shortly before church bells chimed.  
The next day's newspaper reported —  
"Automobile missing from church

found one block away on Senate Street."  
Now the roads have filled,  
only the oldest is left.  
He stares at a fuzzy television,

ready to drive again  
down broad empty streets with a brother  
who waves to Charlie Cate.

■                      ■                      ■                      ■

*"The poem lashes more fiercely than the wind."  
Wallace Stevens*



E l i z a b e t h   H .   M c A d a m s

### **Pregnancy Pantoum**

This prenatal rocking cradle  
hopes that the birthing date'll  
be on time. Be in time.  
Rock in time to baby's heartbeat.

Hopes that the birthing date'll  
help the maple rocking cradle  
rock in time to baby's heartbeat  
to the tune of infant wailing.

Help the maple rocking cradle  
smooth and soothe emotions fatal  
to the tune in infant wailing  
slipping under sleepy slumber.

Smooth and soothe emotions fatal  
to renewal of love's cycle.  
Slip him under sleepy slumber,  
sing to him old words of love.

For renewal of love's cycle:  
lie beside the fertile mountain,  
sing to him old words of love  
with the valley's spreading notes.

Lie beside the fertile mountain.  
Be on time. Be in time  
to the valley's spreading notes.  
. . . This prenatal rocking cradle.

## Cary Street

The sun shines on Cary Street  
even when the rest of Richmond  
is grey.

You light a pyre  
on Grace Street;  
it has become your morning ritual.  
It will become the ritual  
of your life  
unless you go to Cary Street.

There are books and old lace  
to be admired, sidewalk cafes (after a fashion)  
and old movies, mango juice  
and French pastries, poetry not always  
written down —  
there is love on Cary Street,  
there are promises to keep.  
There are yellow flowers  
like little suns,  
remember when you held one  
under my chin  
to see if I was in love?

In my mind I see you sit  
in the window on Grace Street.  
You stare with eyes darkened  
by too much irony.  
Briars grow on the window sill  
where the paint is cracked  
or not there at all. You thought  
it would be a haven — Grace Street.  
It could be  
if it weren't for that traditional fire  
you light for yourself  
like your ancestors before you.

Cary Street is true  
though its sidewalks are worn  
and the buildings show signs of wear,  
you once said it spoke  
to a part of you.  
The sun shines there  
even when the rest of Richmond  
is grey.



## Unchained Melody

The same familiar song wakes me in the morning  
I struggle across the room to turn the radio off  
In the silence I hear it still  
Your voice softly singing the lyrics  
I put it out of my mind

In school my mind wanders  
I stare across the hall  
Into the empty classroom we once shared  
Your laughter which once filled it  
Still rings in my ears  
I put it out of my mind

In the hall I turn  
Startled by the familiar smell of smoke  
That used to mean security  
Being close to you  
The smell of Winstons on your breath, on your finger tips  
As they gently touched my face  
I put it out of mind

At home I live in silence  
Only broken by the occasional ringing  
I answer praying to hear your voice  
Though I know I never will again  
But the butterflies remain  
From the days when I didn't pretend  
I put it out of my mind

At night I read of days gone by in my tattered journal  
The pages all boast of your precious name  
Now they lie barren  
Never to speak of you again  
I try to put you out of my mind

In sleep my dreams are all filled with beauty  
The kind I once knew from you  
I wake to pray that God will be with you  
That you might find what you seek  
And all the joy that you gave me  
Then I put you out of my mind.



D i a n a P i n c k n e y

### COCA COLA

The old glass  
bottle holds nothing  
now. Graceful lines  
curve down and  
around like ripples  
on a dress manikin.  
Pale aqua color  
darkened into amber  
when filled with the  
syrupy, sizzling liquid.  
Thick and smooth in my hand,  
cold wetness on a sticky  
summer day when I was small  
and took cool comfort in its icy  
path down my throat. Close companion  
through dances and slumber parties  
with sneaky smokes, giving me breaks  
from long car rides, endless classes  
and blind dates. How dare they  
change it, thinking bigger  
is better once again. And  
cast it away along with  
its good name — Coke  
now leaving broken lives  
littered along the fast lanes  
like the old green bottles. Or  
sitting empty, they gather dust in  
webby corners, slotted into gray  
wooden crates. But I see mine fill  
again, holding clear pictures  
of the girl I was.

T e d C h u m l e y, J r.

JESUS TEACH ME TRUTH  
A CHRISTIAN JUST INFORMED ME  
YOU WERE NEVER HERE



# T e r r i e B e n t l e y

## Motel

The glaring light swings on knotted cord  
high from the speckled ceiling  
illuminating the unmade bed, its covers  
withering in silence, pillows reeking  
of bourbon and vomit. The carpet's stale,  
the window's stuck fast from years  
of hopeless yearning to be opened,  
to clean the room with  
puffs of sweet mountain air.

Instead the drunkard rolls in from the  
bathroom god, stumbling in darkness  
of mind, shadows dance,  
plaguing the walls with curses.

## Elizabeth H. McAdams

### Trendy Thumping Music

pumps hormones  
faster and brasher  
through young bodies,

pumps hormones  
of the people, for the people, by the people  
through young bodies  
and worn out pleasure centers.

Of the people, for the people, by the people,  
this feel good music for pampered flesh  
and worn out pleasure centers  
is now the opiate of the masses.

This feel good music for pampered flesh  
with liberty and justice for all  
is now the opiate of the masses.  
It dulls the pain of emptiness.

With liberty and justice for all  
bodies twitch non-stop to the beat.  
it dulls the pain of emptiness  
and drowns out the voice inside the mind.

Bodies twitch non-stop to the beat  
faster and brasher.  
Drowns out the voice inside the mind —  
this trendy thumping music.



## MECHANICAL REVOLUTIONS

In concert the refrigerator,  
color of rusty olives,  
whines and spills with the washer  
as it rocks from side to side  
setting off the dryer,  
who bumps his way in, thumping  
a beat the dishes join,  
sloshing in their slots,  
squealing through the cycles.  
The vacuum drones and clacks,  
a complaining anteater,  
spits back anything larger  
than an atom.  
Then the blender pops its top,  
sprays the ceiling.

I recall a time  
when they whistled, hummed,  
happy in their work, when none  
longed to retire, all started  
smoothly in the morning,  
didn't stall during the day  
and kept their parts,  
providing they didn't crack,  
burst or leak.

I would leave them except  
the car won't budge,  
only idles and oils  
the driveway.





# ART

*FIRST PLACE*

J o a n T h o m s o n

**Lifestream**



■ ■ ■ ■

*"Some things lead us into a realm beyond words . . . By means of art we are sometimes sent — dimly, briefly — revelations unattainable by reason."*

*Aleksander Solzhenitsyn*

SECOND PLACE

J o h n D i x o n





R o d B u r c h



R o d B u r c h



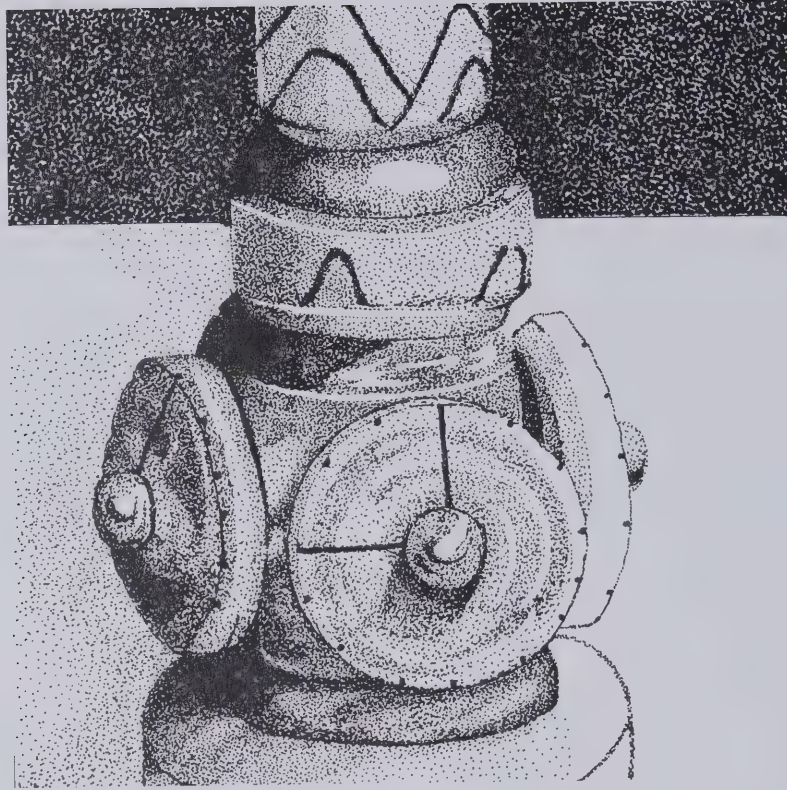
T a s h a B a r c l a y  
M & M ' s



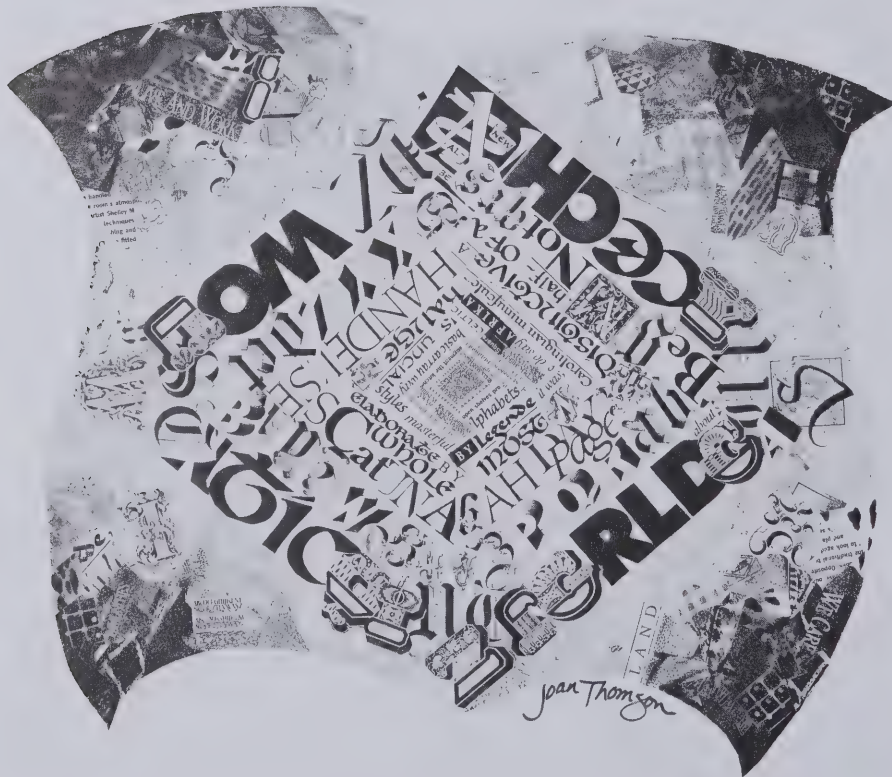




Nancy Strickland



Joan Thomson





# photography

*FIRST PLACE*

L e s l i e B i v e n s

**Mark and Katherine**



■ ■ ■ ■

*"The deepest quality of a work of art will always  
be the quality of the mind of the producer . . ."*  
Henry James

*SECOND PLACE*

L e s l i e B i v e n s

**Under The Bridge**





A n g e l i n a K o r i n i s

## Systems



D a v i d B u t l e r





Car In Tow



L e s l i e B i v e n s

## Stranger In A Strange Land





# L i s a K e r l e y

## Twins, Not Identical

She was always The Family Pretty One —  
I was the one with the imagination — something  
not valued in our clan — She flew  
the friendly skies — while I wrote  
the pretty lines — our family always thought  
she was the wild one — and I was so passive — not knowing  
we both had been known to do lines  
off tables in alternative bars — She found  
a pilot and I found a writer — to our family  
she was a success — and, well, I was  
still poor — Sometimes she and I  
would drive up to the lake — and with beer cans  
in hand, talk about how her dad would  
never understand — and how I'm so glad  
mine was never around — We talked about  
abortions, lost loves, lost family,  
lost us —  
The half empty moon shone down on two girls  
whose lives would never be more than  
half full —

# D i a n a P i n c k n e y

## PEACE OFFERINGS, DECEMBER 1989

Today relief comes with the sun,  
turning the sea into mirrors,  
ripples of silver move south.  
Melting snow runs through wooden boards,  
leaves the ground wet, nourished,  
peace offerings to a ravaged land.

Yesterday the ocean tore  
at the white-painted shore.  
Rising in dark rocking waves,  
white caps and ice twined in the wind.  
Banked against glass doors, snow  
swirled around corners of the house,  
coating rusty pines and cedars,  
layered across gaping roofs and boardwalks,  
a blanket over a sick child.

The ocean rolls and turns over itself  
as it covers the sand  
and leaves the sand stone gray.  
Assaulted by autumn's hurricane,  
surprised and frozen with winter's storm,  
the coast settles into a flat calm.

T e d C h u m l e y, J r.

TWENTY-ONE CANDLES  
A SPILT PERSONALITY  
THE ANGEL THAT LIES

J. B r i a n S i m m s

### **My Father's Chess Set**

There it sits upon the shelf —  
my Father's Chess Set.  
The intricately carved pieces enticing me,  
calling for me.  
Not merely tokens for a game, but things alive.  
Brave men in armor standing tall —  
Knights on stallions charging into battle —  
Kings and Queens . . .  
A whole new world there for me.

Despite my Father's mandates I reach out,  
take first one piece and then another in my hands  
I fought a thousand thousand battles with those men without my Father's  
Knowledge,  
Yet began to chip them  
then break them.  
Soon many were lost.

Today I am with a beautiful woman.  
Her kisses and caresses entice me.  
All rules and warnings quickly fade —  
Intoxicated by her perfume,  
Hypnotized by her voice —  
I know I am falling and I revel in it.

Then —  
Like ice cold water on a blacksmith's red hot horseshoe —  
I am six again.

Why do I once more stand before my Father's Chess Set?



# E l i z a b e t h H. M c A d a m s

## In A Dream

through the fog of years  
she came for me,  
took me with her  
to her house on Walker Avenue.

The kitchen smelled of shortbread cookies.

I smelled her face powder,  
glimpsed in a static flash  
the round ivory box and its puff  
on her dresser.  
Her voice had not changed —  
mellow and rich.

She said she'd show me secrets.  
She said,  
Look there and see my garden.  
It grows.  
It prospers.  
See the lushness.

In a dream, I looked at the yard that used to be.  
Now watch closely,  
she said.  
Then she caused a wonderful vision —  
I saw past the growing surface  
a system of walls  
like a maze  
of stone or concrete.  
I thought  
how clever to have thought of this  
to keep her garden rows straight  
with lots of room for roots.

I must remember this  
I thought.  
Really I must.  
Suddenly I laughed,  
laughed harder and louder.  
How funny it will be  
years from now.  
Archaeologists will say  
this garden  
was the house.

# T e r r i e B e n t l e y

## My Desert Soul

My desert soul  
parched  
from insult and worry  
Once I had believed  
in butterflies  
the miracle of parks on Sundays.  
But now, even now,  
my thirsty soul  
cries for water.  
But what is it I see  
A phoenix in the glaring sky  
rising over the dunes of despair  
the cacti of conformity  
I see a dark raincloud,  
swollen with hope.  
I dance with all the host of heaven  
Tasting dewdrops on the tip of my tongue.

## POSEYS IN THE FAMILY GARDEN

Who Polly's father was  
no one ever knew —  
or if they did, they never said.  
Granny never so much as  
whispered his name,  
not even in her sleep.  
When little Polly died Granny's sister said  
"Our mama acted like  
it wadn't no more important  
that if a cat had a died.  
She always said Polly was dirty."

But Granny loved Polly;  
she called her "Posey."  
She had a picture of Polly on her old,  
faded wallpapered wall —  
And when we'd go for a walk in the garden  
she would point to the tender pink and white  
blossoms and say  
"Them are poseys."  
I knew what she was thinking of.

In the years to come  
more poseys grew in the family garden,  
and Granny died  
and went up to Heaven where Polly is.  
I hear tell a lot of poseys grow up there,  
tended by One who loves even little girls with no daddies.





Rain

spits, clings to the window,  
sperm tails trailing  
thin down the panes.  
She listens, the sound  
light as plover's legs  
skittering across sand  
on a winter beach.  
A man hurries by,  
khaki-covered shoulders hunched.  
His eyes follow the path  
down the sidewalk,  
pale cement running into the street.  
Without looking back,  
he disappears in the wetness,  
leaves her face  
streaked like the window,  
cold against the glass.

L i s a K e r l e y

**KILLING TIME**

(For M.B.)

We've gotten used to sleeping alone;  
sometimes we allow a stranger there,  
needing them far more than wanting them  
but wishing we did.

We dread the sun, like vampires,  
we feel guilty, have we betrayed  
the ones who betray us?

Our loves go about their real lives  
while we float around in a Dali world.  
We take any scraps they can spare —  
crumbs from their lover's tables.

"Just wait a little longer" they say  
and we do,  
we don't question the lies  
we want to believe.

How lucky we are not to be  
tied to a love we don't want,  
unlike our lovers who must live  
unhappy lives,  
lay down with one they don't love.

Night after night . . .

Despair is a free man —  
we choose to be slaves.

## Gardening Pantoum

After dinner in the garden  
low metal scoops of sound  
play rhythm to the end-song of day  
as Mother trowels around pepper plants.

Low metal scoops of sound  
carry the smell of roots  
from Mother's trowelling. Around the pepper plants  
water plops from small tin pail

carrying the smell of roots  
into the tapering quiet of evening.  
Water plops from small tin pail  
and spreads with a percolating softness

into the tapering quiet of evening.  
Granules of earth float in the puddle  
before it spreads with a percolating softness  
around the crisp green stalks.

Granules of earth float in the puddle  
which mirrors the darkening sky  
around the crisp green stalks.  
Plump green peppers with shiny skins

mirror the darkening sky  
and flocks of homebound birds.  
Plump green peppers with shiny skins  
cluster healthy and ready in honeysuckle air.

Flocks of homebound birds  
are pulled like metal shavings across magnetic sky  
to cluster healthy and ready in honeysuckle air  
that surrounds their roosts in a large tree. Slivers of cloud

are pulled like metal splinters across magnetic sky,  
The evening choir of crickets and frogs sings out  
around the roots of a large tree. Slivers of cloud  
scatter the last light from the sky.

The evening choir of crickets and frogs sings out  
in rhythm to the end-song of day  
scattering the last light from the sky  
after dinner in the garden.



# prose

FIRST PLACE

J o a n T h o m s o n

## Marriages are Made in the Kitchen

"Don't settle for just any man to marry, find one who can cook (and I don't mean hot dogs)." All my single female friends get this advice. Why end up with an Archie Bunker who plops himself in front of the TV with no more consideration than to demand to know when dinner will be ready? The non-cooking man is indifferent to the mysteries of cuisine. He stuffs his belly full without a thought to the skill and work necessary to prepare a meal.

To him the kitchen is a forbidden city, an enigma that doesn't give up its secrets even in his desperation. The minute his wife leaves him alone while she has a baby or visits her mother, the stage is set for calamity, since his only encounters with the kitchen consist of half-time refrigerator raids. Blackened, encrusted pans and splattered walls are telltale signs of the non-cooking man's failed attempts at survival (as are the empty pizza boxes). These attempts are sad, yes, but dangerous as well; dangerous as the pan of chili forgotten on the stove by a hapless non-cook as he drove away to the store. His memory was jogged as he returned to the pungent odor of a burning, melting, oozing kitchen. It was not a pretty sight.

In the corps of spatula-wielding males there are many ranks. Some are princes and some still think that blakened redfish results from carbon. If you find that your chosen man is of the latter description, don't despair, just be patient. Al-

though my husband is an extraordinary cook, I have tolerated quite a few strange combinations and an overabundance of chili powder and vinegar. His version of guacamole salad was so bizarre that I confiscated the avocados. On the whole, my endurance of countless experiments was (and is) absolutely worth the temporary discomfort. Husbands who share the load are worth a few concessions.

On the innumerable occasions that homework overwhelmed me or my feet refused to stand another second, my husband has taken up the mantle of chef. My feet thanked him and my grades were grateful, too. On other occasions we cooked together as a team; while one chopped, the other sauteed. The parts of the meal that we put together complemented each other while we complimented each other. Forget the old adage that too many cooks spoil the broth.

As I sit here writing, the savory aroma of a gourmet dinner being carefully prepared by my husband underscores my counsel. Take my advice and choose a man who can cook, and while you're at it, look for one who can clean up and do laundry, too. You'll thank me!

*"One ought to write only when one leaves a piece of one's flesh in the inkpot each time one dips one's pen."*

Leo Tolstoy

# CONTRIBUTORS



**Tasha Barclay** is a 24-year-old advertising student interested in pursuing a career in commercial art in her homeland of Bermuda. She hopes to graduate at the end of summer, 1993.



**Angelina Korinis**, a native of Greece, is a marketing major at UNCC. She graduated from CPCC in the Spring of 1991, and loves photography.



**Terrie Bentley**, typesetter for *Keystone 1992*, has been editor of *The Spark* for two years. Last year she was editor of *Keystone 1991* and *The Student Handbook*. Currently, she is news editor of *The Charlotte Poetry Review*.



**Elizabeth McAdams** has been art editor and art director of two publications in Japan. She taught art and has freelanced in advertising design, and was vice president and creative director for a video production company.



**Leslie Bivens** is an avid fine arts photographer and CPCC student. She looks forward to exhibiting her work in the future.



**Caryn Mills** is a freshman at Queens College. During the time she attended CPCC, she was a staff writer for *The Spark*.



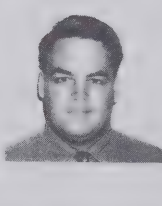
**Rod Burch** is a Charlotte resident currently enrolled in the advertising design program. He enjoys reading non-fiction and biographies. He also enjoys drawing and oil painting.



**Diana Pinckney** has been published in *Third Lung Review*, *The Lyricist*, and *The Charlotte Poetry Review*. She placed second in the 1991 Oxfam Poetry Contest and the 1992 *Crucible* Poetry Contest.



**David Butler**, a Charlotte native, enjoys art and hopes to make photography his career.



**J. Brian Simms** first became interested in poetry to try to impress the girl he spent most of his high school years failing with. His interest has grown geometrically ever since. His favorite poets are Poe, Coleridge, and Wordsworth.



**Ted Chumley, Jr.** is his given name. He is a highly-paid telephone solicitor. His interests are in wildlife and politics (the music industry).



**Nancy Strickland** is a student of advertising design at CPCC. She enjoys illustrating and writing children's books.



**John Dixon** graduated from West Mecklenburg High School. He is taking commercial art/advertising design at CPCC.



**Joan Thomson** is a native of Houston, Texas, and has resided with her husband in Charlotte for three and a half years. She is a transfer student with a fine arts major specializing in fiber and painting. Joan plans to use her education designing and painting fabrics as a studio artist.



**Lisa Kerley**, editor of *Keystone 1992*, has served as literary editor for two previous issues. She is also the literary editor for *The Charlotte Poetry Review*, and was the 1991 recipient of the Charlotte Writers' Club Poetry Award.

"What would life be if we had no courage to attempt anything?"

Vincent Van Gogh



# JUDGES

## Poetry

**Chuck Sullivan** was born and raised in New York City. He attended Belmont Abbey College on a basketball scholarship playing for Al McGuire.

Since 1976 he has been a poet-in-the-schools for the South Carolina Arts Commission, Cabarrus County and the Charlotte-Mecklenburg Schools. He has also been the NEA Poet-in-Residence at Butler University in Indiana.

In addition to his residencies as a poet, every summer since 1979 Chuck has taught poetry and philosophy at North Carolina Governor's School East.

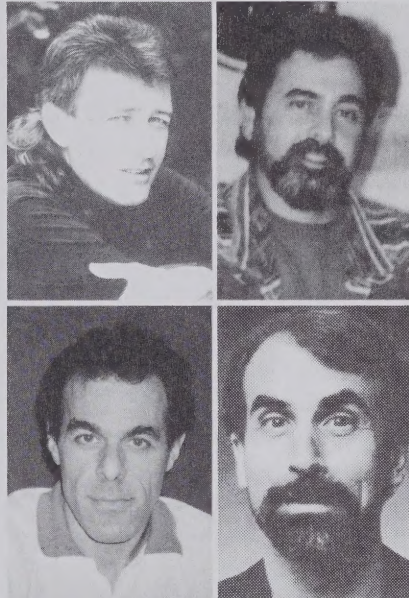
Chuck is the author of five books. His latest, *Longing For The Harmonies*, is also the title of a documentary about Chuck that was on PBS in 1989.

## Photography

**Ken Bloom** attended New York University - International Center for Photography and Bucknell University. He has had numerous exhibitions, among them **Personal Scenarios**, **"Family Values,"** at The Light Factory Photographic Arts Center, and **"MF3/D"** at Seon Arts Alliance in Charlotte, NC.

His awards include the Emerging Artist Grant, the Southern Arts Federation Artist Fellowship, and the Pennsylvania State Council for the Arts Assistance Grants.

He is currently a curator at Spirit Square.



## Art

**Vincent Calabrese** was born in New York in 1945. He attended the High School of Art and Design and later studied commercial art at NYCC and the School of Visual Arts. In the early years he worked as art director of a design studio, and also did freelance illustration for Columbia record albums, books, and magazines, including *National Lampoon*. A family tragedy

changed his plans and he joined his family manufacturing business as president until an attractive offer to sell helped him return to art full time.

Vincent's work has been exhibited by the New York Society of Illustrators, and most recently, at Spirit Square. His media consists of acrylic on canvas, pencil, and paper mache sculpture. He is currently working on a children's book project.

## Prose

**Davis March** is a former fiction editor and editor of *Carolina Quarterly* and commercial publications. He lives with his family in the countryside near Salisbury, where he teaches English and film at Rowan-Cabarrus Community College and is movie critic for *The Salisbury Post*.

## 1993 Submission Information:

Submissions will be accepted in the Spring, 1993. You must have been a registered CPCC student during at least one of these quarters to be eligible: Fall, 1992, or Winter or Spring, 1993. All work must be previously unpublished; the writers/artists retain all rights to their work. Attach a typed 3x5 card to each entry with the title, writer's name, category, address and telephone number. Enclose two copies of poetry or prose pieces.

Entries are judged **anonymously** by judges outside the CPCC community. The tentative release date for the '93 *Keystone* is mid-October, 1993.

For more information call Mary Murchison at 342-6665 or stop by Taylor Hall 205.

## Special Thanks to:

Manuel Kennedy for use of photographic equipment; John Bivens for artistic assistance with the cover collage; A.A. Jillani for technical assistance; the Graphic Arts Department for use of equipment; Tom Ward for computer assistance; Tom McRae and Washburn Graphics Inc. for their cooperation, advice and high standards of workmanship; and especially to the students of CPCC, whose student activity/publication fees made this publication possible.

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Lisa Kerley  
Editor-in-Chief



Allen Bentley  
Assistant Editor



Leslie Bivens  
Photography Editor



Paul Wilansky  
Layout Artist



Terrie Bentley  
Typesetter



Mary Murchison  
Adviser

This year's *Keystone* is brought to you by a small team of students dedicated to making this issue the best ever. Each was instrumental in making *Keystone* the fine piece of work you now hold in your hand. Leslie Bivens spent countless hours taking pictures to get just the right shots for our inside cover, and was the photographer for the contributor and staff photos. Her perfectionism has made the photography section a real work of art. Paul Wilansky's eye for detail was instrumental in the good look of the layout, and Terrie Bentley's skills as a typesetter made it a breeze to give the magazine a professional look. Allen Bentley's dedication to making this a first rate issue is evident. He helped me fine tune the little details, and he perfected the art section. Without this conscientious and dependable staff behind me, my job as editor would have been extremely difficult rather than extremely rewarding. And I think I speak for each staff member when I say that none of this could have been possible without our adviser, Mary Murchison, whose hand was ever at the helm.

Now a word about the submissions. The judges, all experts in their fields, selected from a vast number of submissions the work they felt should appear in our magazine. We were pleased with the response we received this year in most categories; however, next year we would like to see a few more submissions in the short story category. As in the past, excellent work was submitted in the art, poetry, and photography categories.

While considering the design for the cover, I began thinking of the meaning of the word keystone. *Webster's* says a keystone is "that one of a number of parts that holds together the others." I hope that *Keystone* 1992 will make each student at CPCC feel proud to be a part of this college.

Lisa Kerley, Editor-in-Chief

I hope you have enjoyed the 1992 *Keystone*. This issue was produced by the most talented, cohesive staff with which I have ever had the pleasure to work. Although small in number, their outstanding abilities, dedication and hard work have made them truly a "Dream Team" in every way.

In watching the Olympics in Barcelona, I was struck by the parallels between what was taking place there in that huge stadium with all the hoopla and what was transpiring here quietly behind doors in our modest offices in Taylor Hall: The '92 *Keystone* staff was also vying for the "gold." I believe they have achieved that honor, from the gold on the cover to the first-rate design evident throughout.

Much of the credit for this superb magazine must go to the highly talented editor, Lisa Kerley, whose expertise in magazine production, design and writing are unequalled. As she has noted in her remarks, each of the other staff members has also played a truly vital role, and each has worked diligently in their unified quest for excellence.

Readers, please note that all of the work seen in *Keystone* is done by CPCC students, and I encourage you to submit your works to us next spring for the 1993 issue. The judges are all outstanding people in their fields who generously gave of their time and talents; thank you, judges, for your valuable contribution.

In closing, I hope that the 1992 *Keystone* will mean as much to everyone in the CPCC community as it has meant to those of us who produced it.

Mary Murchison, Adviser







